

Sing For My Supper

Jensen McRae

They're selling it hard, models with guitars
Sex and drugs and violence
They took down the one by my house
But there's still one on Highland
Lay my life under my knife
Confess 'til I'm big as the faker
But by spring, some shiny new thing
Will be taking its place in the paper

Learn to live, to subsist
In hope I look nice when I suffer
Pray for rain, dance for change
Beg for chances to sing for my supper

Come on, let her speak, she's heroin chic
Lips as the real as the words in her mouth
[?] and buy Diet Coke
If you lived here, you'd be home by now
I've lived this too long, you can't just try it on
Though you do, and they clap while you pass by the car
But I am the oracle, genuine article
You'll never be who you pretend you are

Learn to live, to subsist
In hope I look nice when I suffer
Pray for rain, dance for change
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Oh, oh
Oh, oh

The end of the thread, the gun to your head
Thanking God that you'll get judged today
Your blood on the street, your ex on TV
What a privilege to die in LA